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CHILDREN OF SPRING

MAUD HUMPHREY

EDITH M. THOMAS.

CHILDREN OF SPRING

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLORS
AND MONOTINT BY

MAUD HUMPHREY

VERSES BY

EDITH M. THOMAS

NEW YORK
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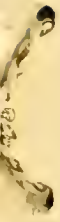
FREDERICK A. STOKES & BROTHER
1888

March and Pussy-willow.

If you ask me why I am laughing so,
I will tell you true. -- An hour ago,
As I played on the bank of the silvery creek,
I broke off a branch from the Willow sleek.



Oh ho! it was fun to hear and to see
How she fretted and fumed, and scolded me.
She called on the Wind — the Wind came light—
And together they beat me left and right.

But all her lashes and all her whips
Only tickled my cheeks, with their fleecy tips:
She fancied she hurt me — she didn't, you know,—
And that is why I am laughing so!

Edith M. Thomas.

M. Humphrey

April the Trickster.

Ask me not why April's skies
    Every hour show some new weather;
Ask me not why April's eyes
    Fill with tears and smiles together.

April's sweet, yet April's shrewd—
    You will trust him to your cost!
Though the fields with flowers are strewed,
    He may send a nipping frost.

If you put your sunshade on,
    With a hail-storm he will greet you;
If your water-proof you don,
    To fine weather he will treat you!

Edith M. Thomas.

Maud Humphrey

In the Orchard.

Under the blooming orchard tree,
I hear the little maid May
Singing, "Why can't you stay with me,
Dear blossoms, why can't you stay?

I'll love you true, my whole life through,"
Promises little maid May.

Then I seem to hear the blossoms sigh.
"Sweetheart, it cannot be;
Your brother September will by and by
Seek apples under this tree:

We blossoms all must wither and fall,
Or apples there 'll never be!"

Edith M. Thomas.

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